

# ARMY SHIPS

No one but a Veteran can Realize the Sufferings from Army Life.

Often Makes Our Able-bodied Men Helpless Invalids—The Story of one who Suffered for Twenty Years, Due to Hardships when in the Service of His Country.

From the "Pioneer" Voice, Chicago, Ill.

One of the great heroes of the war, who after he had been in the service of his country for twenty years, was stricken with a disease which has made him a helpless invalid. His name is John J. Houghton, and he is now living in Chicago. He was a member of the 1st Illinois Cavalry, and served in the Philippines. He was wounded in the back by a bullet which entered his spine and came out between his shoulders. He was taken to a hospital, but the doctors there were unable to do anything for him. He was then sent to a sanatorium in the United States, where he remained for several years. He was then discharged, but he was still unable to do any work. He has since been in and out of hospitals, but he has never been able to get well. He is now a helpless invalid, and he is in need of a cure. He has heard of DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills, and he has decided to try them. He has bought a box of the pills, and he has started to take them. He has already taken a few pills, and he has already noticed some improvement. He has decided to continue to take them, and he has decided to write to the publisher of the pills to let them know of his case. He has written a letter to the publisher, and he has asked them to send him a box of the pills. He has also asked them to send him a copy of the book "The Story of a Soldier's Life." He has also asked them to send him a copy of the book "The Story of a Soldier's Life." He has also asked them to send him a copy of the book "The Story of a Soldier's Life."

## THE MARQUETTE & A.R.R. ROUTE

Time Table:

In Effect June 21, 1906.

TRAINS LEAVE HOUGHTON

For Detroit, the east and the Gogebic... 7:00 a. m.

For Chicago and the west... 7:30 p. m.

TRAINS ARRIVE HOUGHTON

From Marquette, Chicago and the Gogebic... 7:00 a. m.

From Detroit and the west... 7:30 p. m.

Daily. Daily except Sunday.

## Chicago Milwaukee

A St. Paul Railroad.

LAKE SUPERIOR DIVISION



SOLID TRAINS FAST TIME!  
PULLMAN BUFFET SLEEPING CARS.

All coupon agents on the Northern Pacific...  
General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

## Portage Lake News

Hurton Will Case to Be Appealed to Supreme Court.

Mr. Werner Arrives Home.

He Was Meized With a Slight Attack of Malaria—Other Interesting Twin City News.

The Hurton will case, decided in the circuit court yesterday morning in favor of the contestant, Michael Hurton, attracted considerable attention. The estate, in abeyance, amounts to about \$9,000. Edward A. Hurton, Sr., died August 1, 1895, and his nephew, Ed Hurton, presented a will for probate by which everything was left to him. In the probate court this will was not sustained and Edward Hurton then took an appeal to the circuit.

Edward Hurton, Sr., came to Hancock to live in April, 1895, and first lived with his son. A will in existence at that time made the son the beneficiary. A change was made and the old man went to live with his nephew, the will was torn up and a very short time before his death, a new one made the nephew the sole beneficiary. The will was the one declared void by the jury yesterday. An appeal to the supreme court will be taken.

Chills and Fever.

From the Commercial, Vicksburg, Mich.

Mr. George Wandell, of this city (Vicksburg, Mich.), whose recovery from serious illness a short time ago was the talk of his friends and neighbors, was yesterday a reporter of the day and asked for a statement of his illness and cure.

Mr. Wandell is a carpenter by trade and is well and favorably known in this locality, having resided here for several years. His story as related by the reporter is as follows: "I was taken sick with fever and chills in the Spring of 1902 and was sick all Summer, being able to work only a part of the time. The following Winter of 1902-3, I was confined to the house from the first of November until the first of March, being so bad after the fever left me that nervous prostration followed, and I was unable to sleep at night and was all run down physically. I had taken all sorts of patent medicines and was treated by several physicians but all to no avail. I steadily grew worse and finally abandoned medical attendance.

"About the middle of March I saw an article relating the cure of a person similarly affected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and at once sent to the drug store of Mr. O. R. Dunning, by one of my children, and purchased a box of Pink Pills, determined to give them a trial.

"By the time I had taken half a box of them I was able, with the aid of crutches, to get out of the house and to perform the most ordinary duties. I was able to go to the drug store myself for the second box, and in about a month discarded my crutches. Before May 1st I was able to resume my work at my trade of carpentering, and have been able to continue ever since. I supposed my disease to be rheumatism, but the use of the Pink Pills discovered that theory. I am now able to do a good day's work and my general health is better than for years before taking Pink Pills.

"My oldest daughter also had troubles of the blood and a few doses of the pills did her much good."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are now given to the public as an unfailing blood builder and nerve restorer, curing all forms of weakness arising from a watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves. The pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, are never sold by mail, or by the 100, by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

## Portage Lodge, Modern Woodmen, of Hancock, has decided to give a charity ball, for the benefit of the Ontonagon sufferers, at St. Patrick's Hall Friday evening, September 11. The Quince band will furnish the music and all the arrangements will be made to make the occasion enjoyable for those who dance for charity. The band and hall will be obtained at very reasonable figures, amounting to a donation in themselves, and a good sum should result. Tickets will be but 50 cents a couple.

Attorney General Maynard, it is said, by a Lower Peninsula paper, will proceed against those corporations that have failed to make the annual report required by statute. The State furnished blanks and after a time the statute made it a penalty of \$5 a day for not complying. It is said that successful prosecution would enrich the State to the extent of about \$1,000,000, so many corporations have failed to make the necessary returns.

After receiving the verdict in the Hurton will case yesterday morning, the jury in the circuit court was released until September 23, when further consideration of the cases of Allen Kirkpatrick against members of the Mechanic's & Miner's association, will be had. Some chancery business was being done this afternoon.

Rev. J. E. Roy, of Chicago, will preach at the Congregational church tomorrow morning and will speak at the Y. M. C. A. meeting in the afternoon. At the latter meeting, Mrs. C. A. Wright and Miss Grace Jenkins will sing solos.

The Hancock caucus called to elect delegates to Republican county convention, will be held the evening of September 15, and promises to be the battlefield of a hot factional fight.

Dry family wood, for cash, at J. S. Stringer's fuel yard, Hancock. Telephone connection. Leave orders at the store.

Hennes coal dock is fixed for the reception of the season's supply. It resembles one of the Mississippi mortar boats, used during the civil war.

Mrs. S. J. Bowling and daughter, Mrs. Williams of Detroit, with Mrs. Bowling, (nee Sheldon) left yesterday for Detroit.

Mrs. King and daughter, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Johnson, of the Quincy, left for home today.

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I tell you this is true. I am an old tramp. I have been nine years in the service and six with the rank of sergeant, and the number of young soldiers I have trained and commanded "right about face" is incalculable, but never have I seen men march like these, shoulder to shoulder, as exact as if drawn by a line, and that, I tell you, in two feet of mud. Sapient, but it was superb!

I was jubilant and yet a little vexed to see how well the scamps could keep step when they chose. Ah, well, I had nothing to complain of that day. Halt! Well, not a bit too soon. I thought, and yet a drill to halt it! No matter. I filled my pipe and looked around to see where we were. Ricefields to the right, to the left, and behind us a thick sludge made by our tramping feet. A little corporal, who has a tongue well hung—indeed, too well hung—called out to me:

"Sergeant Bertrand, Sergeant Bertrand, no need to light your pipe. Wait awhile; they will light it for you."

The jackanapes! As if I didn't know we would soon be under the fire of the enemy. Suddenly I heard them calling the roll of my company and saw my brave fellows break ranks and trot like rabbits across the ricefields to meet the baggage master, who was returning with a great package under his arm.

Latters! Now, I say, you was this a good time to distribute letters? There they were running like so many madmen. I was the only one to remain tranquil. It is true, I have no one to write to, no family, no friends, nobody—all alone in the world, like an old bear.

Heaven help me! As I sat in my men's return to their places, holding up their hands to keep the letters from being soiled by the water, and carefully, as if they were guarding the last words and testimony of their dying mothers. Ah, Jacques, has a letter?

"New from home, Jacques?"

Jacques is the sergeant of my company. I am chief of the first section, he of the second, a handsome young fellow, with a bright, boyish face, a beardless chin and cheeks as smooth as a girl's.

Nevertheless, I hold a little grudge against him. It is always vexing to see those brats of 22 promoted alongside of an old trooper like me. But for all that he is a nice boy, and the men would go through fire and water for him. He is well content, of good family and often receives letters with the seal of the war department. But that is his business, not mine.

I watched him out of the corner of my eye as he ran through the letter. Then I saw him wipe away a tear, a little wet corner, which glistened on the end of his eyelash. I pretended not to see it, even joked a little to make him laugh.

"What has she written to you, Jacques? What says my lady fair?"

He turned to me without a smile and gravely said: "I have no lady fair, Bertrand. It is from my mother."

"Ah!" I felt as if I had made a fool of myself and said no more.

But Jacques continued: "Do you see these letters, Bertrand? It would be better not to receive them in times like these."

That was my opinion, as I have already said. It was not good to allow them to break ranks, the scamps; they ask nothing better. But out of politeness to Jacques I said: "It is always pleasant to receive good news from home, no matter where. I have had nothing disagreeable."

Jacques shook his head.

"Oh, no, to the contrary!"

That was all. Really Master Jacques was not talkative this morning. His eyes were fixed on the horizon far away, where there was nothing to be seen but a bit of blue sky. I wondered what he could see over there.

"Forward, march!" I repeat at last. "Forward, march!" for my section.

Jacques, no doubt, was still dreaming and did not hear the command, for I heard the lieutenant behind me say: "Ah, well, Sergeant Jacques, lagging behind already!"

Jacques said not a word; he simply repeated, "Forward, march!" in a dragging tone, as if he were weary—that is to say, it was not the tone of a French sergeant unless he commands "Forward, march!" They never mumble those two words, but shout them out with enthusiasm. What is the matter with Sergeant Jacques this morning? He is not like himself. I tell you. Ah, that was a rough day, I tell you. When night came, we were still in the water, but up to our waists this time. And all around us little fireflies were spitting fire, like so many demons. But we marched steadily on until we were within ten meters of the citadel. Not a gunshot, not a movement; the rascals were saving their powder until we were nearer.

I said to myself: "Wait, old fellow. You will have something to warm you up by and by. Don't be discouraged."

When, behold, we were again commanded to halt.

The captain stopped in front of the ranks and demanded in a low voice—all the same it was distinctly understood—"a subaltern willing to undertake a secret and dangerous mission!"

Naturally I stepped forward. Now I have the misfortune to be a little too well appreciated by my captain, an old tough skin like myself, who had been my lieutenant in Africa.

"Not you, Bertrand. I know you well and when I want you I will find you out. Just be kind enough to remain quiet."

You see, some officers will not grant you the least favor. Then I said to myself, "This is just the thing for Jacques."

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It was plainly to be seen that he was making advances to Jacques, and you will think I am mocking you when I tell you my first impression was that he was under the impression that Jacques said not a word. You may be sure the captain was angry, for you know he is not pleasant to make advances to any one and have them thrown back in your teeth.

I heard him sneer under his mustache, "Well, he means to take good care of his skin."

Ah, it was rough. Jacques turned as red as a beet, but said not a word, only when the captain had passed he raised his eyes and fixed them on that bit of blue sky far away on the horizon, where I could see nothing—nothing at all.

Then I said to myself, "Well, my fine fellow, you are decidedly a coward."

To be brief, Bertrand of the third division was chosen for this expedition. He

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When I have lived and loved and suffered All that "In the Beginning" was mine to do and be. When I have "passed within the veil" forever, No more this earth and earthly things to see; When I have cast off mortal garb and garment, When I have crossed the threshold of life's eternal.

When I shall take on a new being closely And see and know of spirit realm humors; When I shall wait for rest in Jesus God's Arms, Where tender memories are on fair bosoms borne, Where hearts break forth in founts of tears o'er-flowing.

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## MASON COUNTY Pure Rye or Bourbon

Is an absolutely Pure Whiskey, aged in wood and bottled by the distillers in full quart octagon bottles. For sale by all first-class dealers. Beware of imitations. See that our name is on the cap and label.

WM. EDWARDS & CO., Sole Proprietors.

## ADDITIONAL LOCAL NEWS.

For Pedro score cards and markers, go to the News office.

Smokers, if you have failed to find a cigar to suit you, try "Helmich's Crown," the best in the market.

Our lodge room can be rented for meetings on Saturday evenings.

SIVERT OLSON.

Poison Ivy, insect bites, bruises, scalds, burns, are cured by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, the great pile cure.

EAGLE DRUG STORE.

Go to the City Bakery for your fine pastries. Angel food, fruit cake always on hand. Cream puffs Fridays and Saturdays.

The Most We Have.

Insist on getting a "La Embrasse" 10-cent cigar. All first-class dealers sell them, try 'em, like 'em. Equal to imported.

"Boys will be boys," but you can't afford to loose any of them. Be ready for the green apple season by having DeWitt's Colic & Cholera Cure in the house.

EAGLE DRUG STORE.

The Rockford electric belt is meeting with the best of success. Call and examine it and get references. Office over Grand Union tea store Red Jacket, Mich.

RUSSELL & BURNS.

The whole system is drained and undermined by indolent ulcers and open sores. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve speedily heals them. It is the best pile cure known.

EAGLE DRUG STORE.